

1508/676.

THE
SONGS AND RECITATIVE
OF
ORPHEUS:
AN
ENGLISH BURLETTA.
WHICH IS INTRODUCED IN
A FARCE OF TWO ACTS,
CALLED
A NEW REHEARSAL:
OR
A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
AND PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL
IN DRURY-LANE.

With New Musick.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXVII.

[Price Six-pence.]



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORPHEUS Mr. Vernon

Old Shepherd Mr. Dodd

Chorus of Shepherds

Mr. Parsons

Mr. Weston

Mr. Bannister

Mr. Fagat

Mr. Keane

RHODOPÉ Mrs. Allen



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORPHEUS.

Mr. VERNON.

OLD SHEPHERD.

Mr. DODD.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.

Mr. PARSONS.

Mr. HARTRY.

Mr. BANNISTER.

Mr. FAUCET.

Mr. KEAR.

RHODOPE.

Mrs. ARNE.



ORPHEUS:

AN

ENGLISH BURLETTA.

*The Curtain rises to soft Musick after the
Overture, and discovers ORPHEUS asleep
upon a Couch with his Lyre near him
—after the Symphony—*

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

ORPHEUS (*dreaming.*)

I COME—I go—I won't—I will.
(*half awake.*)

Bless me!—Where am I?—Here I'm still—

(*quite awake.*)

'Tho' dead, she haunts me still, my wife!

In death my torment, as in life;

B

By

By day, by night, whene'er she catches
 Poor me asleep—she thumps and scratches;
 No more she cries with Harlot's revel,
 But fetch me, ORPHEUS, from the Devil.

A I R.

I.

Tho' she scolded all day, and all night did the
 same,
 Tho' she was too rampant, and I was too tame;
 Tho' shriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,
I must and I will go to bell for my wife.

II.

As the sailor can't rest, if the winds are too still,
 As the miller sleeps best by the clack of his mill,
 So I was most happy in tumult and strife;
I must and I will go to bell for my wife.



[Going out.]

Enter

Enter RHODOPE.

Recit.

Your wife, you Driv'ler!—is it so?

But I'll play hell before you go.

ORPHEUS (*aside.*) *Recit.*

With fear and shame my cheeks are scarlet;

I've prais'd my Wife, before my Harlot.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Go, fetch your wife, thou simple man;

What keep us both?—is that your plan?

And dar'st thou, ORPHEUS, think of two?

When one's too much by one for you.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

My mind is fix'd—in vain this strife;

To hell I go to fetch my wife.—

(*Going Rhodope holds him.*)

B 2

A I R.

AIR.

RHODOPE (*In tears.*)

Is this your affection,
 Your vows and protection,
 To bring back your Wife to your house,
 When she knows what I am,
 As a wolf the poor lamb,
 As a cat she will mumble the mouse.

ORPHEUS.

Air and Recit.

Pray cease your pathetic,
 And I'll be prophetic,
 Two ladies at once in my house;
 Two cats they will be,
 And mumble poor me:
 The poor married man is the mouse.

RHO

RHODOPE.

RECITATIVE.

Yet hear me, ORPHEUS, can you be,
 So vulgar as to part with me,
 And fetch your wife?—am I forsaken?
 O give me back what you have taken!
 In vain I rave, my fate deplore;
 A ruin'd maid, is maid no more;
 Your Love alone is reparation,
 Give me but *that*, and *this* for Reputation.

(Snaps her fingers)

A I R.

I.

When ORPHEUS you
 Were kind and true,
 Of joy I had my fill,
 Now ORPHEUS roves,
 And faithless proves,
 Alas! the bitter pill!

II.

II.

As from the bogs,
 The wounded frogs,
 Call'd out, I call to thee;
 O naughty boy,
 To you 'tis joy,
 Alas! 'tis death to me.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

In vain are all your fobs, and sighs,
 In vain the rhet'rick of your eyes;
 To wind and rain my heart is rock;
 The more you cry—the more I'm block.

RHODOPE. *Recit.*

Since my best weapon, crying fails,
 I'll try my tongue, and then my nails.

A I R.

A I R.

Mount if you will, and reach the sky,
 Quick as light'ning would I fly,
 And there would give you battle;
 Like the thunder I would rattle.

Seek if you will the shades below,
 Thither, thither will I go,
 Your faithless heart appall!

My rage no bounds shall know—
 Revenge my bosom stings,
 And jealousy has wings,
 To rise above 'em all!

[ORPHEUS *snatches up the Lyre.*]

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

This is *my* weapon, don't advance,
 I'll make you sleep, or make you dance.

A I R.

A I R.

One med'cine cures the gout,
 Another cures a cold,
 This can drive your passions out,
 Nay even cure a Scold.

Have you gout or vapours,
 I in sleep,
 Your senses steep,
 Or make your legs cut capers.

DUETTO. (*accompanied with the Lyre.*)

RHOD. I cannot have my swing,

ORPH. Ting, ting, ting.

RHOD. My tongue has lost its twang,

ORPH. Tang, tang, tang.

RHOD. My eyes begin to twinkle,

ORPH. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

RHOD. My hands dingle dangle,

ORPH. Tangle, tangle, tangle.

RHOD. My spirits sink,

ORPH. Tink, tink, tink.

RHOD. Alas my tongue,

ORPH. Ting, tang, tong.

RHOD.

RHOD. Now 'tis all o'er,

I can no more,

But go to sleep—and—snooze—

[Sinks by Degrees upon a Couch, and falls asleep.]

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

'Tis done, I'm free,

And now for thee,

Euridice!

Behold what's seldom seen in life,

I leave my mistress for my wife.

Who's there? (*Calls a servant, who peeps in*)

Come in—nay never peep;

The danger's o'er—she's fast asleep,

Do not too soon her fury rouse,

I go to hell—to fetch my spouse.

AIR. (*Repeated.*)

Tho' she scolded all day, and all night did the
same,

Tho' she was too rampant, and I was too tame;

Tho' shriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,

I must and I will go to hell for my wife.

[Exit singing.]

[10]

*Scene changes to a mountainous Country,
Cows, Sheep, Goats, &c.*

After a short Symphony,

Enter **ORPHEUS,**

Playing upon his Lyre.

A I R.

Thou dear companion of my life,
My friend, my mistress and my wife,
Much dearer than all three;
Should they be faithless and deceive me,
Thy Grand Specific can relieve me,
All med'cines are in thee,

Thou veritable Beaume de Vie

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Now wake my Lyre, to sprightlier strains,
 Inspire with joy both beasts, and swains,
 Give us no soporific potion,
 But Notes shall set the fields in motion.

AIR.

Breathe no ditty,
 Soft and pretty,
 Charming female tongues to sleep;
 Goats shall flaunt it,
 Cows currant it,
 Shepherds frisk it with their sheep!

Enter OLD SHEPHERD with others.

Recit.

Stop, stop your noise you fiddling fool,
 We want not here a Dancing School.

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

Shepherd be cool, forbear this vap'ring,
Or this * shall set you all a cap'ring.

* *His Lyre.*

OLD SHEPHERD. *Recit.*

Touch it again, and I shall strait,
Beat time with this † upon your pate.

† *His Crook.*

ORPHEUS. *Recit.*

I dare you all, your threats, your blows,
Come one and all we now are foes.

OLD SHEPHERD. *Recit.*

Zounds! what's the matter with my toes?

(*Begins to dance.*)

OLD

OLD SHEPHERD.

AIR.

From top to toe,
Above, below,
The tingling runs about me;
I feel it here,
I feel it there,
Within me, and without me.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

From top to toe,
Above, below,
The Charm shall run about you;
Now tingle here,
Now tingle there,
Within you, and without you.

OLD SHEPHERD. *Air.*

O cut those strings,
Those tickling things
Of that same cursed Scraper;

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

ORPHEUS.

Air.

They cut the strings,
Those foolish things,
They cannot hurt the Scraper!
They're dancing too,
And they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

OLD SHEPHERD.

Air.

As I'm alive,
 I'm sixty-five,
 And that's no age for dancing;
 I'm past the game,
 O fie, for shame,
 Old men should not be prancing :
 O cut the strings,
 Those tickling things,
 Of that same cursed Scraper ;

Chorus of SHEPHERDS.

We're dancing too,
 And we like you,
 Can only cut a caper.

OR-

ORPHEUS.

Air.

They cut the strings,
Those foolish things.
They cannot hurt the Scraper;
They're dancing too,
And they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

CHORUS.

We're dancing too,
And we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

[ORPHEUS leads out the Shepherds in a grand
Chorus of singing and dancing, and the
Beasts following them.]



FINIS.